

# The Girl from Tim's Place

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## CHAPTER I.

Chip was very tired. All that long June day, since Tim's harsh, "Come, out with ye," had roused her to daily toil, until now, weary and disconsolate, she had crept, barefoot, up the back stairs to her room, not one moment's rest or one kindly word had been hers.

Below, in the one living room of Tim's Place, the men were grouped playing cards, and the melody of their oaths, their laughter, the thump of knuckles on the bare table, and the pungent odor of pipes, reached her through the floor cracks. Outside the fireflies twinkled above the slow-running river and along the stump-dotted hillside. Close by, a few pigs dozed contentedly in their rudely constructed sty.

A servant to those scarce fit for servants, a menial at the beck and call of all Tim's Place, and laboring with the men in the fields, Chip, a girl of almost 16, felt her soul revolt at the filth, the brutality, the coarse existence of those whose slave she was.

And what a group they were! First, Tim Connor, the owner and master of this oasis in the wilderness, 60 miles from the nearest settlement; his brother, Mike, as coarse; their wives and a half a dozen children who played with the pigs, squealed as often for food, and were left to grow up the same way; and Pierre Lubeck, the hired man, completed the score.

There was another transient resident here, an old Indian named Tomah, who came with the snow, and deserted his hut below on the river bank when spring unlocked that stream.

Two occasional visitors also came here, both even more objectionable to Chip than Tim and his family. One was her father, known to her to be an outlaw and escaped murderer in hiding; the other a half-breed named Bolduc, but known as One-Eyed Pete, a trapper and hunter whose abode was a log cabin on the Fox Hole, ten miles away. His face was horribly scarred by a wildcat's claws; one eye-socket was empty; his lips, chin, and protruding teeth were always tobacco stained. For three months now, he had made weekly calls at Tim's Place, in pursuit of Chip. His wooing, as might be expected, had been a persistent leering at her with his one sinister eye, oft-repeated innuendoes and insinuations of lascivious nature, scarce understood by her, with now and then attempted familiarity. These advances had met with much the same reception once accorded him by the wildcat.

Both these visitors were now with the group below. That fact was of no interest to Chip, except in connection with a more pertinent one—a long conference she had observed between them that day. What it was about, she could not guess, and yet some queer intuition told her that it concerned her. Ordinarily, she would have sought sleep in her box-on-legs bed; now she crouched on the floor, listening.

For an hour the game and its melody of sounds continued; then cessation, the tramp of heavily shod feet, the light extinguished, and finally—silence. A few minutes of this, and then the sound of whispered converse, low yet distinct, reached Chip from outside. Cautiously she crept to her window.

"I gif you one hundred dollars now, for ye gal," Pete was saying, "an' one hundred more when you fetch her."

"It's three hundred down, I've told ye, or we don't do business," was her father's answer, in almost a hiss.

A pain like a knife piercing her heart came to Chip.

"But s'pose she run away?" came in Pete's voice.

"What, 60 miles to a settlement? You must be a damn fool!"

"An' if she no mind me?"

"Wal, thrash her then; she's yours."

"But I no gif so much," parleyed Pete; "I gif you one-hundred now, an' one hundred when she come."

"You'll give what I say, and be quick about it, or I'll take her out to-morrow, and you'll never see her again; so fork over."

"And you fetch her to-morrow?"

"Yes, I told you." And so the bargain was concluded.

Only a moment more, while Chip sat numb and dazed, then came the sound of footsteps, as the two men separated, and then silence over Tim's Place.

And yet, what a horror for Chip! Bold like a horse or a pig to this worse than disgusting half-breed, and on the morrow to be taken—no, dragged—to the half-breed's hut by her hated father.

Hardly conscious of the real intent and object of this purchase, she yet understood it dimly. Life here was bad enough—it was coarse, unloved, even filthy, and yet, hard as it was, it was a thousand times better than slavery with such an owner.

And now, still weak and trembling from the shock, she raised her head, cautiously and peeped out of the window. A faint spectral light from the rising moon outlined the log burn, the two log cabins, and plenty, which, with the frame house she was in, comprised Tim's Place. Above and beyond where the forest enclosed the hillside, it

shone brighter, and as Chip looked out upon the ethereal silvered view, away to the right she saw the dark opening into the old tote road. Up this they had brought her, eight years before. Never since had she traversed it, and yet, as she looked at it now, an inspiration born of her father's sneer came to her.

It was a desperate chance, a fool-hardy step—a journey so appalling, so almost hopeless, she might well hesitate; and yet, escape that way was her one chance. Only a moment longer she waited, then gathering her few belongings—a pair of old shoes, the moccasins Old Tomah had given her, a skirt and jacket fashioned from Tim's cast-off garments, a fur cap, and soft felt hat—she thrust them into a soiled pillow-case and crept down the stairs.

Once out, she looked about, listened, then darted up the hillside, straight for the tote road entrance. Here she paused, put on her moccasins, and looked back.

The moon, now above the tree-tops, shone full upon Tim's Place, softening and silencing all its ugliness and all its squalor. Away to the left stood Tomah's hut, across the river, a shining path bright and rippled.

In spite of the awful dread of her situation and the years of her hard, unpaid, and oftentimes cursed toil, a pang of regret now came to her. This was her home, wretched as it was. Here she had at least been fed and warmed in winters, and here Old Tomah had shown her kindness. Oh, if he were only in his hut now, that she might go and waken him softly, and beg him to take her in his canoe and speed down the river!

But not only her own desperate

to their ghostly influences. They followed the hunter and trapper day and night, luring him into safety or danger, as they chose. They were everywhere, and in countless numbers, ready and sure to avenge all wrongs and reward all virtues. They had a Chieftain also, a great white spectre who came forth from the north in winter, and swept across the wilderness, spreading death and terror.

To Chip, educated only in the fantastic lore of Old Tomah, these terrors now became insanity breeding. She could not turn back—better death among the spites than slaving to the half-breed; and so, faint from awful fear, gasping from miles of running, she stumbled on. And now a little hope came, for the road bent down beside the river, and its low voice seemed a word of cheer. Into its cool depths she could at least plunge and die, as a last resort.

Soon an opening showed ahead, and a bridge appeared. Here, for the first time, on this vantage point, she halted. How thrice blessed those knotted logs now seemed! She hugged and patted them in abject gratitude. She crawled to the edge and looked over into the dark, gurgling water. Up above lay a faint ripple of silver. Here, also, she could see the moon almost at the zenith, and a few flickering stars.

A trifle of courage and renewal of hope now came. Her face and hands were scratched and bleeding, clothing torn, feet and legs black with mud. But these things she neither noticed nor felt—only that blessed bridge of logs that gave her safety, and the moon that bade her hope.

Then she began to count her chances. This landmark told her that five miles of her desperate journey had been covered and she was still alive. She began to calculate. How soon would her escape be discovered, and who would pursue her? Only Pete, her purchaser, she felt sure, and there was a possible chance that he might return to his cabin before doing so. Or perhaps he might sleep late, and thus give her one or two hours more of time.

And now cheered by this trifling hope and lessening sense of danger, her past life came back. Her childhood in a far-off settlement; the home always in a turmoil from the strange men and women ever coming and go-

now, as she lay there on this one flat spot of security—the bridge—and listened to the river's low murmur.

All through her mad flight the wilderness had been ghostly and spectral in the moonlight; now it had become lost in inky blackness, yet alive with demonic voices. All the goblin forms and hideous shapes of Old Tomah's fancy were rushing and leaping about. Now high up in the treetops, now deep in the hollows, they screamed and shrieked and moaned.

And now, just as this fierce battle of sound and spectral shape was at its worst, and Chip, a hopeless, helpless mite of humanity, crouched low upon the bridge, suddenly a vicious growl reached her, and raising her head she saw at the bridge's end two gleaming eyes!

## CHAPTER II.

Martin Frisbie and his nephew Raymond Stetson, or Ray, were cutting boughs and carrying them to two tents standing in the mouth of a bush-choked opening into the forest. In front of this Angle, Martin's wife, was placing tin dishes, knives and forks upon a low table of boards. Upon the bank of a broad, slow-running stream, two canoes were drawn out, and halfway between these and the table a camp-fire burnt.

Here Levi, Martin's guide for many trips into this wilderness, was also occupied, intently watching two palls depending from bending wambecs, a coffee-pot hanging from another, and two frying-pans, whose sputtering contents gave forth an enticing odor.

Twilight was just falling, the river murmured in low melody, and a few rods above a small rill entered it, adding a more musical tinkle.

Soon Levi devilishly swung one of the palls away from the flame with a hook-stick and speared a potato with a fork.

"Supper ready," he called; and then as the rest seated themselves at the table, he advanced, carrying the pail of steaming hot potatoes on the hooked stick and the frying-pan in his other hand.

The meal had scarce begun when a crackling in the undergrowth back of the tent was heard, and on the instant there emerged a girl. Her clothing was in shreds, her face and hands were black with mud, streaks of blood showed across cheek and chin, and her eyes were fierce and sunken.

"For God's sake give me suthin' to eat," she said, looking from one to another of the astonished group. "I'm damn near starved—only a bite," she added, sinking to her knees and extending her hands. "I hain't eat nothin' but roots 'n' berries for three days."

Angle was the first to recover. "Here," she said, hastily extending her plate, "take this."

Without a word the starved creature grasped it and began eating as only a desperate, hungry animal would, while the group watched her.

"Don't hurry so," exclaimed Martin whose wits had now returned. "Here, take this cup of coffee."

Soon the food vanished and then the girl arose. "Sit down again, my poor child," entreated Angle, who had observed the strange scene with moist eyes, "and tell us who you are and where you came from."

"My name's Chip," answered the girl, bluntly, "an' I'm runnin' away from Tim's Place, 'cause dad sold me to Pete Bolduc."

"Sold—you—to—Pete—Bolduc," exclaimed Angle, looking at her wide-eyed. "What do you mean?"

"He did, Martin," answered the girl, laconically. "I heard 'em makin' the bargain, 'n' I fetched three hundred dollars."

Martin and his wife exchanged glances.

"Well, and then what?" continued Angle.

"Wal, then I watted a spell, till they'd turned in," explained the girl. "and then I lit out. I knowed 'twas 60 miles to the settlement, but 'twas moonlight 'n' I chanced it. I've had an awful time, though, the spites hev chased me all the way. I was jist makin' a nestle when I seed yer light, an' I crept through the brush 'n' peeked. I seen ye wain't nobody from Tim's Place, 'n' then I cum out. I guess you've saved my life. I was gittin' dizzy."

It was a brief, blunt story whose directness bespoke truth; but it revealed such a pigmy state of morality at this Tim's Place that the little group of astonished listeners could scarce finish supper or cease watching this much soiled girl.

"And so your name is Chip," queried Angle at last. "Chip what?"

"Chip McGuire," answered the waif quickly; "only my real name ain't Chip, it's Vera; but they've allus called me Chip at Tim's Place."

"And your father sold you to this man?"

"He did, 'n' he's a damn bad man," replied Chip, readily. "He killed somebody once, an' he don't show up often. I hate him!"

"You mustn't use swear words," returned Angle; "it's not nice."

The girl looked abashed. "I guess you'd cuss if you'd been sold to such a nasty-looking man as Pete," she responded. "He chaws tobacco 'n' lets it drizzle on his chin, 'n' he hain't but one eye."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Success.

Success is an ancient game of chance in which the chances are all against the player. The winnings are now divided into three classes: First, money; second, money; and third, money. There are also a few other things like character that count a little. The rules of the game are very strict. Cheating is not allowed—if discovered. Some have played according to rule, and even been successful, but not as we speak of success to-day.—Life.

## REAL CAUSE FOR GLADNESS.

How Young Lawyer Carried Comfort to Convicted Client.

An amusing story is told by Harper's Weekly at the expense of a prominent Baltimore lawyer, who, like most young attorneys, got his first case by assignment from the bench. His client had been indicted for murder, and his conviction was a foregone conclusion, as his guilt was unquestionable.

The result of the trial was a sentence to be hanged; but the man made an appeal to the governor for a pardon and was anxiously awaiting a reply thereto when his lawyer visited him in his cell.

"I got good news for you—very good news!" the young lawyer said, grasping the man's hand.

"Did the governor—is it a pardon?" the man exclaimed joyously.

"Well, no. The fact is the governor refuses to interfere. But an uncle of yours has died and left you \$200, and you will have the satisfaction of knowing that your lawyer got paid, you know," was the comforting explanation.

Sheer white goods, in fact, any fine wash goods when new, owe much of their attractiveness to the way they are laundered, this being done in a manner to enhance their textile beauty. Home laundering would be equally satisfactory if proper attention was given to starching, the first essential being good Starch, which has sufficient strength to stiffen, without thickening the goods. Try Defiance Starch and you will be pleasantly surprised at the improved appearance of your work.

Ingenious, But Unavailing. Wilton, the five-year-old son of Lackaye, the actor, has inherited the brilliant mind for which his father is distinguished.

Not long ago Mr. and Mrs. Lackaye, who spent the summer at Shelter Island Heights, were invited to attend a card party and the young son was anxious to accompany them.

His mother insisted that he should remain at home with Mary, his governess, but Wilton persisted and as a final argument he said:

"Mamma, I think Mary is a Christian Scientist, and I might be taken sick in the night."

The argument was not effective.

## Very Much Alike.

"See here Pat," said his employer, "didn't you tell me that when you was out west the Indians scalped you? and now you have your hat off I see you have an extraordinary quantity of hair! You certainly told me so, didn't you, Pat?"

"Oh I did so," answered Pat, "but I bear in mind now that it was me brudder, Molke. It's that much we be alike, that Ol think Ol'm Molke an' Molke be me."

With a smooth iron and Defiance Starch, you can launder your shirtwaist just as well at home as the steam laundry can; it will have the proper stiffness and finish, there will be less wear and tear of the goods, and it will be a positive pleasure to use a Starch that does not stick to the iron.

## Better Than Gifts of Fortune.

The gifts of fortune are often taken away as speedily as they came; but strength of mind and personal nobility are possessions which survive the external circumstances of life and lift it into grander planes.—Halliburton.

Cheerfulness doubles the effectiveness of personality. It enables one to use the power he already possesses. Gloom clogs the wheels.—Smiles.

## Buy a Good Farm Now

Dr. C. F. Simmons is offering the People of This Section the Greatest Opportunity They Ever Had to Own a Beautiful Truck or Fruit Farm.

Why Not Buy Now at Practically No Cost to You. The Chance May Never Come Your Way Again.

Mr. W. N. Hutto, the well known gentleman of Jackboro, Texas, writes: Jackboro, Texas, Feb. 25, 1907.

Dr. C. F. Simmons, San Antonio, Texas.

My Dear Sir:—I have just returned from Atascosa County, where I went for the purpose of investigating your \$5,000-acre ranch proposition. I spent the 21st, 22nd and 23rd of this February on the ranch, and during those three days I drove not less than 125 miles and visited every pasture on the ranch, and examined the property as thoroughly as it was possible to do within that time.

I saw every arborescent well on the ranch except the one in the Hall pasture. I was near it and could have seen it by turning back, but I had already seen enough to satisfy me, and did not take the time to go back.

I took your booklet, "New Home Sweet Home" with me and I compared the pictures in it with what I saw, and I found them absolutely correct.

I drank water at all the wells I saw, and the water was good for drinking and all other purposes in all of them except the gas well. I did not like it very well, but I have tasted a great deal worse water. I can assure it is good for all stock and irrigation purposes. I saw the cattle drink it, and they seem to be thriving on it. I put a match to the gas well and it began to burn at once.

I am of the opinion that oil is to be found on this land. Just off of it there is an oil well from which I procured a bottle of oil which I carried home with me.

I talked with Mr. Brown, the gentleman now employed in putting down an artesian well on your land for you, and he told me that he had been drilling wells in that vicinity for the last six years, and that good water can be obtained at any place on the ranch from forty to two hundred feet, and that flowing wells can be obtained anywhere on the ranch at depths ranging from three hundred feet up.

The land is all as good as represented by you, and lots of it much better. The Volcani pasture is the best all purpose land I ever saw.

I shall recommend all of my friends who want comfortable homes in the best climate in the world to purchase from you.

I am more than pleased with what I saw, and as you have said, it is the "Opportunity of a Lifetime," especially for the man who has small means. Wishing you success in disposing of this land, and furnishing homes within the reach of the ordinary man, I remain,

Very truly yours,

W. N. HUTTO.

Write today for book of views and full description of the ranch. \$210—payable \$10 a month until paid, without interest, will buy a 10 to 640 acre farm and two town lots in the paradise of America.

DR. CHAS. F. SIMMONS, SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS.